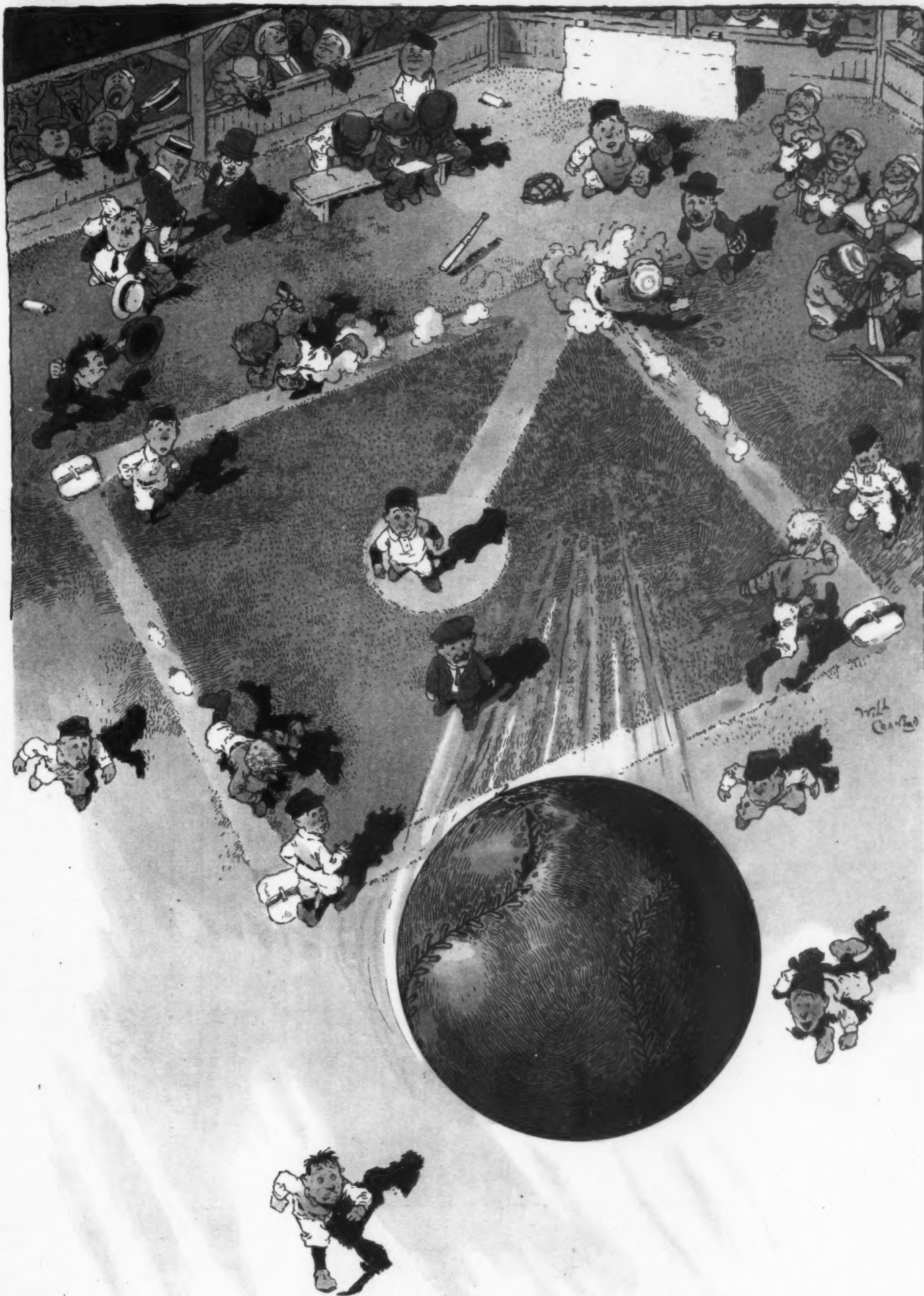


PUCK



A BALL'S-EYE VIEW OF A HOME RUN.



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Cartoons and Comments

THE HAPPIEST MAN IN THE U. S. A.

THERE is a person in New Haven or its vicinity who says he is the happiest man in the United States. His name is WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT, and by occupation he is a professor at Yale University. Yes, sir; the happiest man in the United States is Professor TAFT, if he has been correctly quoted. He is happy because he is a private citizen, and because he is free to associate with his favorite cronies, abstract law and golf. He is happy, and yet think how hard he tried to make himself unhappy! This time last year Mr. TAFT was doing everything in his power to insure his unhappiness. He refused to step aside and permit Mr. ROOSEVELT to take the regular Republican nomination for President, and throughout the summer and fall, right up to election day, he did his level best to keep happiness away from the TAFT door. The election result and Mr. TAFT's present feelings indicate that the American people knew better than he did what was good for him. They would not permit him to sacrifice his happiness on the altar of office. They wanted him to be happy, so they removed all obstacles, and he is. He says so himself. Let all office-holders and would-be office-holders learn a lesson from President TAFT. Why go through an ex-

hausting campaign, full of speeches and late hours, in order to become a happy private citizen? It is a waste of good energy when happiness may be had through the simple expedient of dropping out. There is Mayor GAYNOR of New York, for example. If he runs for re-election and is defeated next fall, he too will be "the happiest man in

the world." Has anyone the slightest doubt of it? Thoughtful people, kind and considerate citizens, know this to be a psychological fact, and when they defeat at the polls a candidate for re-election they do not do so because of any dislike for him. No! On the contrary, he has such a grip on their heart-strings that they place his personal happiness on a plane above the public service, and cast with a sigh their votes for the opposing candidate.



"LITTLE MOTHER."

PATHEPIC PICTURE IN NEW YORK'S POLITICAL SLUM.

STEADILY onward move the moving-pictures. They have gained a foothold in the Church and Sunday-school, and particularly in the latter will they stimulate attendance. Moving-pictures of stirring Biblical incidents will not only make Bible study of lively interest to young minds, but ultimately will silence the scoffers and the doubters. What future doubter, for example, will dare to question the authenticity of the story of Jonah and the Whale if he is shown a moving-picture of the incident itself? What future scoffer or would-be heretic will presume to doubt the story of the Red Sea parted if there is in existence an ancient movie film showing the destruction of Pharaoh's hapless army under the most distressing conditions? A few thousand years, and moving-picture records will be the rod and staff of the orthodox.

A NEIGHBORING GARDEN.

It seems the very air is sweet
With fragrance that would thrill the bees
Until they'd dream, in rapture meet,
The dreams of lost Hesperides.
The flowers bless the cooling spray
And all their petals then uncloze
To catch the shower's ricochet,
When Molly wields the garden-hose.

The twilight deepens, settles down.
The stillness of a summer's eve
Has claimed the busy, bustling town
That soon to blissful dreams 't will leave;
But o'er the grassy, glistening lawn
Each drop of water, jeweled, glows,
And all the thirst of day is gone
When Molly wields the garden-hose.

Her locks they rippling fall in waves
Beneath her fillet's close confines,
The grass her gown's rich hemming laves
With only rapturous designs;
Each passer-by but seems to see
In this rare sight a balm for woes;
The world is brighter, all agree,
When Molly wields the garden-hose.

R. F. G.

NO ROOM FOR HIM.

"THANK HEAVEN!" muttered the poor girl who was serving as the heroine of a paper-covered novel.

And yet she had apparently little for which to be thankful as she crawled into her pallet of straw on the floor in the corner of the room.

She was very, very poor. And yet she was thankful. "The advantage of a bed on the floor," she murmured, as she lapsed into a sweet slumber, "lies in the feeling of security it brings. A man cannot possibly get under it."

PROFIT BY IT.

MRS. SUBURBAN. — Oh, Henry! After passing through the long winter, the ice, the sleet, and the snow, and then to see this glorious spring sunlight, these green fields, and the leafy trees! Why, one feels that it actually pays!

HENRY. — Yes; you bet it pays! Why, only this morning I rented this house to a city man for eight hundred dollars for the summer months, and leased a flat in the city for two hundred.

A WISE PROVIDENCE.

"SAY, Uncle Moses, how did de Lawd make de berry fust man?"

"How did de Lawd make de fust man? W'y, He done made him out ob de earf, out ob de mud; dat's how He made him."

"Den w'y He doan' make 'em out o' mud any mo'?"

"'Cause de Lawd doan' nebber do nuffin' extravagant, my chile. Land ain't as cheap as it was 'fo' de wah; and den, too, fust t'ing you know, some white pusson ud buy up de mud and put a stop to de popperlation, and den whar 'd we be? Dar ain't no good talkin' 'bout it, honey; de Lawd am de best jedger ob how to go about his own business."

AN UNWORTHY RELATIVE.

OLD LADY. — Seems to me you're the same man who came along about a month ago and, after eating a good meal, refused to saw a little wood for me.

PATCHWORK PETERSON. — No, mum! Dat muster been my twin brother! Dat feller always was de black sheep of der family!

Too much Burton ale at night sometimes introduces one to his Anatomy of Melancholy next morning.

The cat is supposed to have nine lives, but the census of her affections is as yet incomplete.



THE SIRENS.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

LOVE at first sight, we may surmise,
Is an affection of the eyes,
Whose victims, turned opticians, then
Make spectacles for gods and men.

IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

MISS REDBUD. — Do you think he will love me when I am old?
MISS PALISADE. — There's one consolation. You will soon know.



IN NEW YORK TOWN.

THE BEAUTIFUL CLOAK-MODEL. — Gee! But this is a slow cafe! Why don't more people come here?

HER ESCORT. — It's just been opened. You can't expect a place to be popular with the swells till it's been raided once or twice!



SLASHED:

WHY NOT CUT THE COLLEGE GOWN THAT WAY?

A SUMMER MORNING.

"The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the eastern sky with streaks of light,
And flecked darkness, like a drunkard, reels
Forth from day's path and Titan's fiery wheels."
—Shakespeare.



HERE is to me a peculiar fascination in witnessing the break of day. Nearly all of my life since early youth has been spent among city streets, hemmed in by walls of brick and stone; and these environments I know are not calculated to enhance the wonderful beauties of nature. Yet I find my chief delight all through the months of summer in wandering about the city streets and parks at early dawn.

When I begin my morning walk, even the sparrows are drowsy and twitter faintly from the eaves and cornices. In the houses, quiet, with drawn blinds, the citizens of the great city lie deep in slumber while the fresh air of morning fans my cheek. It is the cool, delicious hour before the feverish turmoil of another day begins; and when the gilded cross on the church spire, touched with the rays of the rising sun, bursts into flame, and clattering hoofs, and hurrying feet, and tinkling bells, and all the sounds of city life become

merged into one busy roar, I turn with confidence to meet the cares and perplexities of daily life, refreshed by my early walk.

It is possible, too, that some of my pleasure comes from the remembrance of my boyhood days in the country, when I sometimes rose before the sun and hastened away upstream with my fishing-pole before the trout had been to breakfast; for memories of that time do come to me, and though I pass through narrow city streets and tread on pavement stones, I seem to see the dark wood; I seem to steal along the mossy bank and gently toss my line into the curling brook; and then I



"POOH! WHO'S AFRAID? IT'S ONLY A MAN-EATER."



THE LIMIT.

SEBASTIAN, JR.—Ooooooh, Mammy, look what I drew!
MAMMY.—Here, chile, yo' cut dat out! I got one artist in de fambly to support a'ready. Dat 's 'nuff!

have a vision of a flashing trout thrown high upon the bank in boyish excitement, and landed gleaming and flapping in the dewy grass.

I determined last summer to visit my old town once more, for the sole purpose of taking one or two early morning walks among familiar scenes, and accordingly one Wednesday night in August I took the train from New York, reaching Ridgeville about twelve o'clock. I had been obliged to work day and night since Monday to get my affairs in shape to leave, and when I reached the little hotel that night I was completely tired out. My knock brought the landlord—a stranger to me—to the door in his bare feet, carrying a smoking lamp, with which he lighted me upstairs to a little room at the front of the house.

It was stifling hot. I moved the bed so as to bring my head close to the one window, and undressing, lay tossing about, oppressed by the heat and the total lack of air stirring in the room. A few mosquitoes annoyed me, and I feverishly imagined that the millions of them singing outside the window-screen would get at me before morning. The extinguished lamp had left an odor in the room which was unpleasant also.

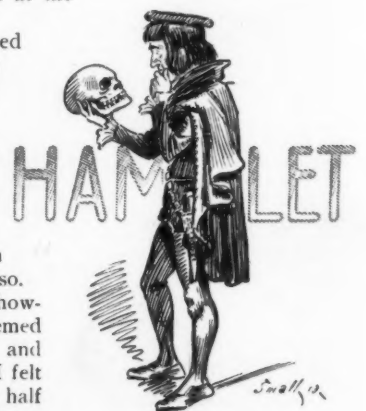
I fell into a troubled sleep at last, however, but after a very short time, as it seemed to me, I heard the sound of voices, and awoke to see that day was dawning. I felt warm, unrefreshed, and dazed, as I lay half awake and listened to the twittering of sparrows in the trees outside and the hum of conversation from the veranda beneath my window. I was conscious of the rumbling of a wagon along the street, and I heard someone on the veranda cry out:

"Hello, Pete! Goin' ter git in yer hay t'-day?"

The rumbling ceased, and the driver called out: "Mornin'! What'd ye say? Wagon made s'much noise I did n't hear ye."

"I ast ef yer was goin' ter git in yer hay t'-day?"

"Yes, I be ef it does n't rain. Looks a leetle like it over yander."



BASEBALL TERM:

"A BONE-HEAD PLAY."



THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET IN A PROHIBITION STATE.

"AND DRIPPING WITH COOLNESS AROSE FROM THE WELL."

Git ap!" And as the wagon rattled and rumbled slowly down the street I reached for my watch. It was five o'clock.

I raised myself on my elbow and looked out through the window. Away in the distance I saw the green wood and long shadows cast by the early morning sun. The air, tremulous with heat, close by was filled with dust raised by the passing wagon.

I lay down again, thinking I would sleep until seven o'clock, but the continued hum of conversation kept me awake.

"Say, Bill!" one of the men said, "the Squabtown Sunday-school folks is goin' ter hev a picnic over in the grove t'-day, 'n' all the gals 'll be down with white dresses on. Guess we'd better go over, eh?"

"Ridgeville gals is good 'nough for me," was the answer, "but here's Jabe; he'll go with ye, I guess. I see him drivin' over toward Squabtown Sunday nights after dark with that knee-sprung Hambletonian o' his'n. Say, Jabe! Why don't ye drive over in the cool o' the evenin' afore it's dark? What are ye 'shamed of, Jabe, th' gal or th' horse?"

"Oh, that Hambletonian's all right," said another, "he may be a leetle springy in th' knees, but he's got one good eye, 'n' I guess he's got teeth 'nough left t' eat grass, 'n' that's all he gits, ain't it, Jabe?"

I began to wonder whether it was of any use for me to try to sleep any longer. The perspiration gathered on the back of my head and neck where they sank into the pillow, and the heat seemed to be increasing; but I lay dreamily listening to the scraps of conversation which came floating in.

"Harvey," said some one, "what ye goin' ter do to-day?"

"I'm goin' to cradle my wheat ef I don't hev ter wait all day for that air post-office t' open up. Jim might's well keep her shet up altogether. I'm darned ef 't ain't kep' shet pootty nigh th' hull time now. I've ben waitin' half an hour, 'n' I guess I kin wait 'n take it out in waitin'.

You Democrats was goin' ter raise thunder when *you* got the offices, was n't yer? I golly! I can't see any beneficial change t' speak of *yit*."

"What d' ye want ter git into the office fer, Harvey? They ain't no mail till ten o'clock, 'n' I see ye in there las' night after the evenin' mail come in."

"Well, 't ain't nobody's business, 's I know of, *why* I want ter git into th' post-office. That ain't the *idee*. The idee is, th' post-office is kep' for the accommodation of th' people, 'n' 't ain't no business ter be kep' shet!" and I heard his chair strike the floor; then his feet shuffled as he tipped it back again against the side of the house.

A buggy rattled up, and the driver called out in a brisk voice:

"Say, Ev! Can't I git ye t' come up 'n' help me dig p'taters t'-day?"

"Well, I dunno," answered Ev, musingly. "I kinder half promised Hez Woodin I'd help him cradle. Where ye goin' ter dig, John? Up in th' old Smith Fowler lot?"

"Yes. Hez ain't goin' ter cradle ter-day, Ev. He's goin' over to Squabtown t' take a load er wimmin folks t' the picnic."

"Well, I guess I'll go 'long with ye, John," said Ev; and as the buggy-wheel scraped in

(Continued on Page 11.)

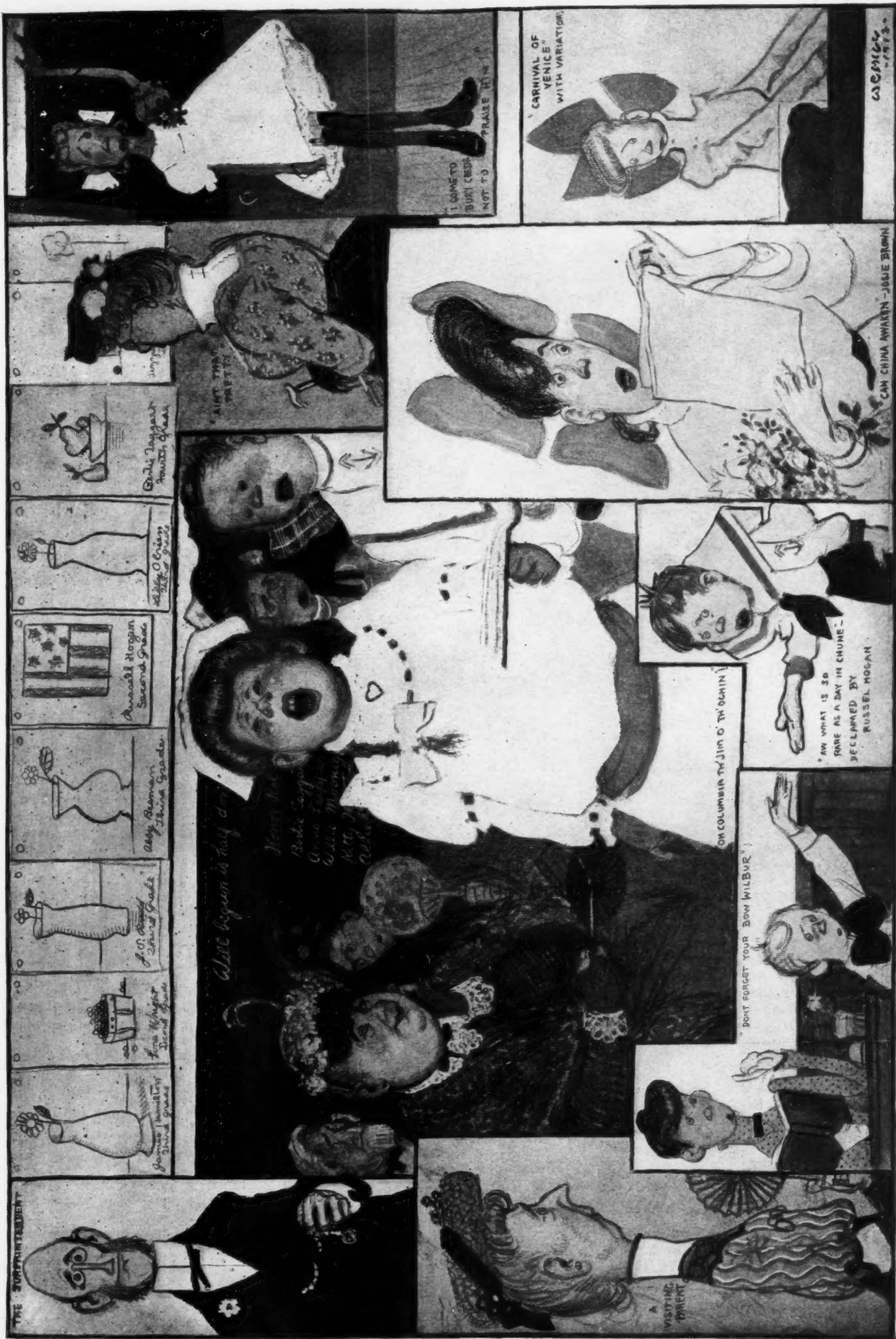


UNREASONABLE.

CLERK (marriage-license bureau).—Two dollars, please!

PETE POSSUM.—Lordy, man! How yo' s'pose Ah's gwine hab two dollars, when Ah ain't even married yit?

A man running for office will find that he will get there more surely if he adopts a dignified walk.



CLOSING EXERCISES AT ANY DISTRICT SCHOOL-HOUSE.

A SOUTH-AMERICAN DESPACHO.



WAS surprised and gratified to learn that I could register a letter in Peru. Oh, yes! The gentleman himself would *certificar* it for me. *Bien!* If he would have the supreme fineness to do me infinite favor.

"How not, señor? With a thousand joys, señor. It has to write your name behind, however, as *remitente*."

"All right! There's my name."

"*Pués*, to see how much it imports. Six pounds, señor."

"How six pounds, you aberration? It's a letter, not a quintal of sugar."

"Ah, si! A thousand pardons, señor! I was to say six *centímetros*."

"I don't care if you make it a kilometer, or a mile and a half! What I want to know is, how much postage?"

"*Pués*, señor! Six-for-eleven—that is seventy-five *centavos*; and to *certificar* is ten *centavos mas*. That makes a dollar and twenty *centavos*."

"One dollar and twenty devils! Six times eleven is sixty-six, and ten is seventy-six. Give me twenty-four *centavos* change."

"Pero, señor! Come, then—we will say a dollar, complete."

"You'll say your prayers first. *Abur!* Write me that receipt, *quiccecito*; the steamer sails in an hour."

With that he goes away, and finally finds the book under the cupboard, and climbs with it to his desk. By half an hour's hard work he finds the place; but then he has to descend to hunt up the receipts. With these he remounts and accustoms his nose to my chirography. But suddenly there is a snag. He turns an injurious eye at me and comes down.

"Señor, I fear I shall have to report this to the Señor Intendente of Police. Here is the same name on the front of the letter that you wrote on the back as *remitente*—Juan Smeet-th. In these times that looks very grave. What thing is this here?"

"That, my noble Marquis of Malhaxatualma, is 'Mrs.' Emmie,

Erra, Essie—Missis. That wants to say señora. It's my wife, in the States Uniteds. *Sabe?*"

"*Pués*, señor, I feel it my duty to see the Señor Intendente. How can your wife carry the same initials as yours? This seems to me a Pierolist plot, and now we cannot be too careful. Come to-morrow, and then perhaps you can have the letter—unless the Señor Intendente thinks you should be arrested."

Here I touched a cigar to the fire in my eye; and, putting the other end in my mouth, began to puff furiously—as always before a desperate deed.

"What a magnificent *puro*, señor! Is it of Guayaquil?"

"Naw! It's Habana, you—er—say! Will you have one?"

"Ten thousand thanks, señor! *Pués*, as I was saying, this letter is very irregular and would undoubtedly get you into trouble. But since I see you mean no ill—ay! but this is a good cigar! *Gracias!* That I will smoke later, in record of you. And as you desire to pay the whole *importe*—it was a dollar and a half, I think—*pués*, there is no remedy—I will send it. But it is most unfortunate that your wife was baptized under the same name as you—it will certainly molest you; especially in the interior, where they are very stupid. *Bien, pués*. Did we say a dollar and a half, or two dollars? Muchest thanks! Here is your receipt. Until soon, señor!"

LIQUID AIR.

SOME folks, like tug-boats, seldom accomplish anything without a great deal of puffing and blowing; but, unlike tug-boats, they often puff and blow without accomplishing anything.



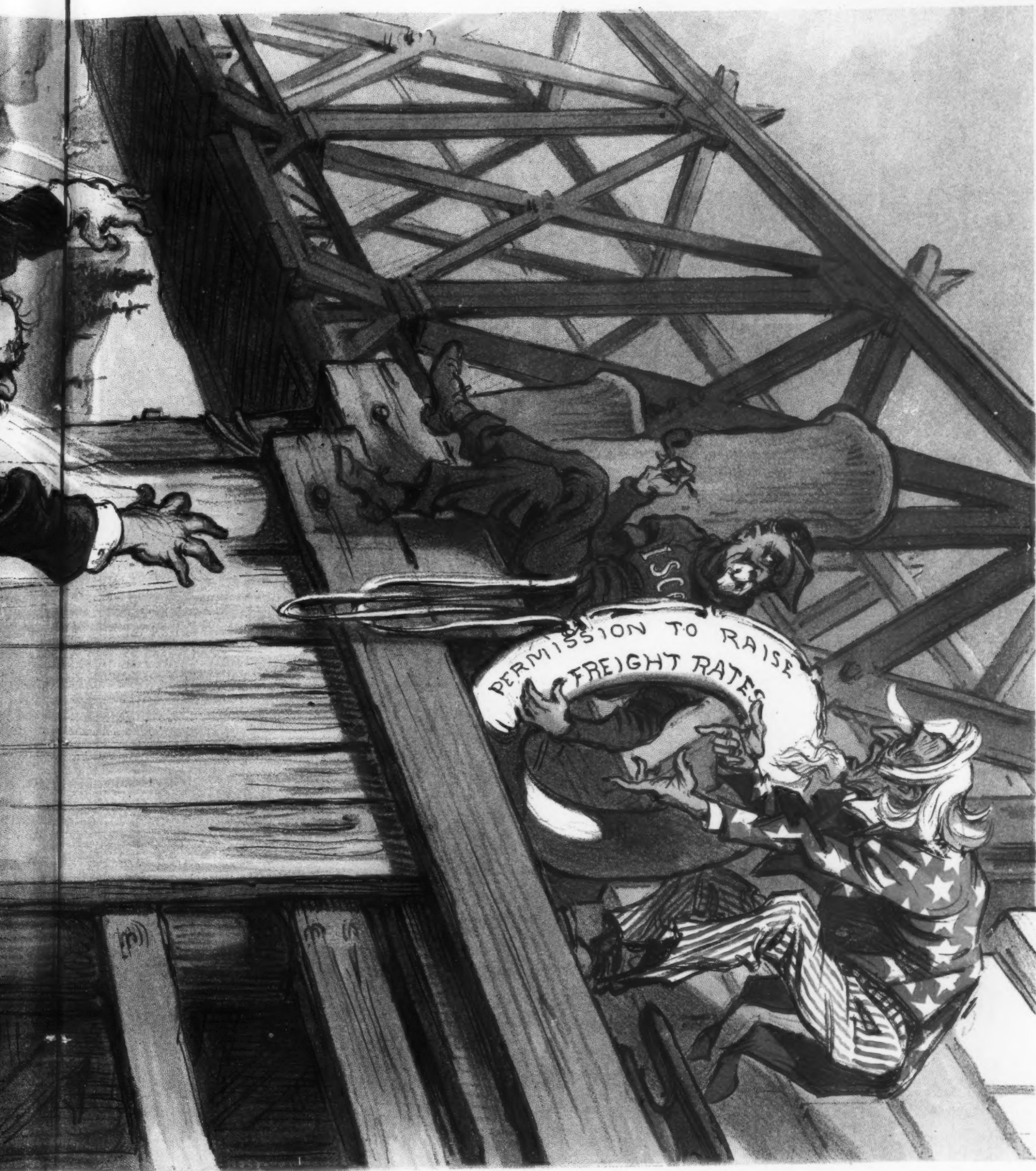
THE COMFORTER.

YOUNG WIFE (to older and seasick husband).—Now, dear, just be as comfortable as you can, and don't worry about me. I'm not lonesome. There's half-a-dozen men up on deck who've been awfully nice to me. And such a joke! They think I'm a widow!



AND IN THE MEANTIME——

UNCLE SAM.—Why don't you throw him that life-preserver? He may be drowning!
THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE COMMISSION.—Plenty of time! Let's first make sure that he can't swim.





CAUGHT.

THE FOOLISH ONE.—Just wait! She'll catch her husband flirting some day.
THE WISE ONE.—That's how she *did* catch him!

THE SUBURBAN ATHLETE.

WHEN his day's work is over he goes to the "gym,"
And he runs on the race-track to keep in fine trim;
And the distance he runs in a manner most fleet
Is one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight feet.

Oh, he smiles when he covers this distance, though small,
Just inside of two minutes without break or fall;
For this is the distance each morning that he
Must run from his breakfast to catch the 8:03.

PREACHING MADE EASY.



By observing carefully the following rules any bright young man may become a sensational preacher and earn a large salary.

First—Learn to swear without using profane language. Make it a point to slam the door every time you enter a room and carefully mark the expression of the occupant.

Second—Learn to lie without violating the truth. Inquire carefully the age of every woman you meet and note her reply.

Third—Learn to purloin without stealing. A great many good things have been said by men now dead which, of course, they will not use again.

Fourth—Learn to use billingsgate grammatically. Study carefully the correspondence of the best prize-fighters.

Fifth—Learn to say "hell" without using the word itself. An excellent example of this may be obtained by tracking mud over the parlor carpet at your own home. Note carefully what your dear old mother says.

Sixth—Advertise. This may easily be accomplished by giving several newspapers hell without using the word itself. They will do the rest.

Seventh—Learn to believe that all mankind is morally unclean, and then—

Eighth—Tell 'em so.

WHAT the American heiress wants is quality; what the foreign nobleman wants is quantity.

The average man does n't begin to be much of a liar until he becomes possessed of a pedigreed dog.

REVISED VERSION.

MAN wants but little here below,
But wants it mighty hard,
When he finds he only needs but one
More spot upon a card.

AT THE CAMPING PARTY.

THE CRANK.—This is the last time I'll ever camp out!

THE ENTHUSIAST.—Well, you *should n't* camp out unless you can enjoy yourself without being comfortable.

GOT THERE.

PETERS, *père*.—Did you get into the Sophomore Class this time?

PETERS, *fils*.—Yes—after a fashion. I was confronted by a theory which I could n't get around, so I took a condition.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

BROWN.—I have n't a friend in the world.

JONES.—You can make one right now. I need a fiver.

A CORDIAL INVITATION.

KINGLEY.—I hear you are in the country for the summer. How do you like it?

DUGO.—Immensely! I have delightful rooms, old man. Cool and pleasant, no mosquitoes, southern exposure, and all conveniences. I wish you would take a run out and see me. Forty minutes from town; commanding view of the ocean; superb bathing, and no children on the premises. Come out and take a look.

KINGLEY.—Thanks. Perhaps I will some day.

DUGO.—Some day? Why, I want to show you those rooms right away! Can't you come out to-night?

KINGLEY.—Great Scott! no. What on earth do you want me to come out to-night for?

DUGO.—I thought, old fellow, you might like to take those rooms off my hands.

AN empty pocketbook will make a man round-shouldered quicker than anything else on earth.



NEWSPAPER BULLETINS WE NEVER SEE.

II.—THE CROQUET BULLETIN.



FIDO'S STORY.



ONE DAY my mistress said to me:
 "Him's getting sick; it's plain to see.
 Him's appetite grows less and less.
 A tonic's what him needs, I guess."
 And so she got and made me take
 Some patent dog-dope. 'T was a fake.
 For, though she gave me tons of it,
 I could n't eat a little bit.
 The choicest food I would n't touch,
 At which my mistress worried much.
 The dog hospital then we tried,
 And when she took me there she cried.
 The sup'rintendent of the place
 Said: "Yes, it is a stubborn case,
 But still, I guess, we'll pull him through.
 Just leave him here a week or two."
 As soon as she was gone he said:
 "The little brute! He's overfed."
 And then they starved me half to death.
 I used to howl till out of breath.
 I missed the dainties I'd scorned oft;
 I missed my bed so nice and soft.
 At last they took me home one day,
 And did I eat? Well, I should say!
 My mistress was so tickled then
 She gave the man another ten.
 I guess that's all, unless you'd care
 To hear the truth I learned right there:
 A little hardship now and then
 Is good for dogs—and also men.

Walter G. Doty.

REPARATION.

JOHN BUTTS, SR.—I want to leave my property to my two sons. One-tenth to my youngest son, John Butts, and nine-tenths to my eldest son, Royal Chesterfield Chauncey De Peyster Butts.

FAMILY LAWYER.—H'm! Do you think that's quite fair?

JOHN BUTTS, SR.—Yes. I want to make some kind of reparation to Royal for allowing his mother to give him such a damfool name!

WHEN trousers begin to show signs of bagging at the knees it begins to be hard to pay for them.



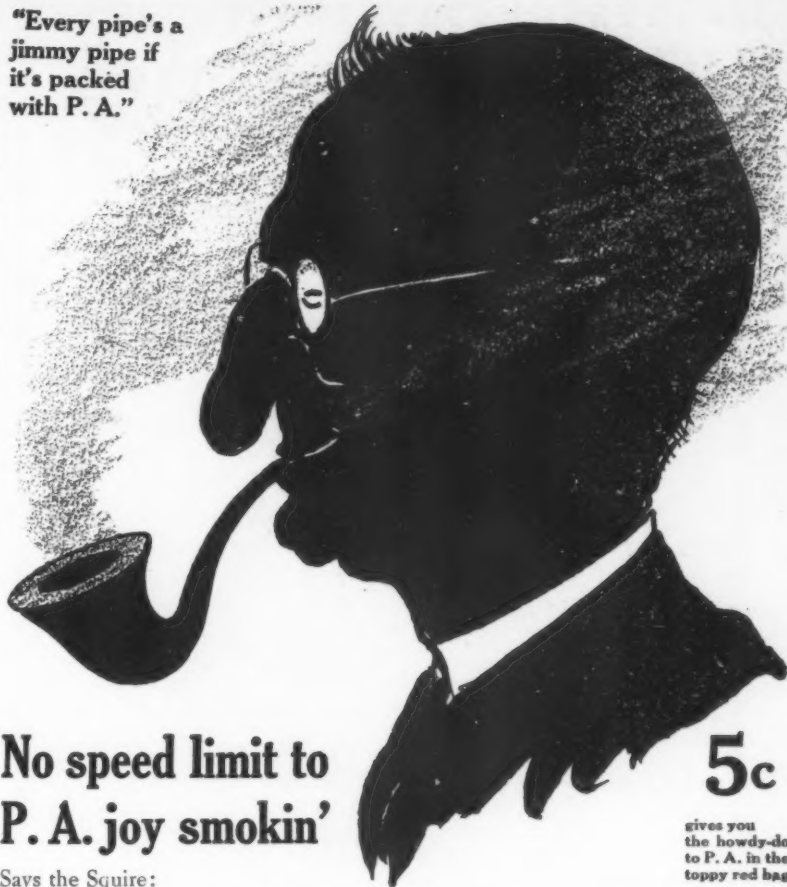
THE BEER REGISTER.

SCHNEIDER.—How much vas it I owes you?

WAITER.—Twelve beers.

SCHNEIDER.—Vait till I look at my belt undt see you ain't made no mistake.

"Every pipe's a jimmy pipe if it's packed with P. A."



No speed limit to P. A. joy smokin'

5c

gives you the howdy-do to P. A. in the toppy red bag

Says the Squire:

"There isn't any law against joy smoking providing your old jimmy pipe is tamped down with P. A."

"Fine? Why, smoking those tongue broiling brands is penalty enough for anyone who hasn't switched yet to

PRINCE ALBERT
 the national joy smoke

"Why, if I could impose sentence on every unconverted pipe fan, I'd say, '30 days on P. A.' and I reckon there wouldn't be any appeals after the first whiff."

P. A. can't bite your tongue, can't parch your throat. All the flare-back has been removed by a patented process. Patented—get that? No one else can use it.

Buy P. A. in the toppy red bags, 5c; or the tidy red tins, 10c; in pound and half-pound humidoras. Sold everywhere.



R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

(Continued from Page 5)

turning, someone called out: "Keep kinder shy o' that cider jug to-day, Ev!" and then, with a rattle of spokes and flapping of harness, they were gone.

The low talking continued, the sparrows chattered incessantly, and from a distant field came the drowsy click of a mowing-machine as I again lost consciousness. Almost immediately after I had dropped asleep, however, there came a knock at the door, and someone called:

"Breakfst's all ready, sir!"

I got out of bed, and saw that it was six o'clock. The sun was shining brightly into the room; three or four flies buzzed around as I poured some warm water into the sticky wash-bowl and peeled the shaving of soap from the bottom of the wash-dish.

The verandah was deserted, and the conversation that I had listened to about an hour before seemed like a confused dream.

Well, there is a peculiar pleasure to me in rising at day-break; but I believe I like it best in the city, where it is n't so common.

ONLY TO BE EXPECTED.

MRS. BAWSTON.—I am sure I do not know what can be done with the child. Though I have shown him every phase of the question, and carefully argued the subject, he still insists upon maintaining the opinion that some, if not all, of the productions of Shakespere were written by Francis Bacon.

MR. BAWSTON.—Well, my dear, I should not bother about that. You know that boys will be boys.

THE LEAVEN.

ARTIST (to class of young women).—Now, I think the composite picture of this class would be artistically beautiful.

PRETTY STUDENT (aside).—Strange that one face could so bring up the average!

Summer Tours

Personal



Escort

Yellowstone Park and Canadian Rockies

August 9 to 30

\$275.00

From NEW YORK

Visiting all important points in Yellowstone Park, Portland, Seattle; steamer ride on Puget Sound; Vancouver, Glacier, Laggan, and Banff, including all necessary side trips.

Tour to the North

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Visiting Niagara Falls, Toronto, Thousand Islands, the St. Lawrence River, Montreal, Quebec, Lake Champlain, Lake George, Saratoga Springs, and the Hudson River.

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Visiting Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Erie, Cleveland, Detroit and Mackinac Island.

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\$90.00

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Visiting Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Erie, Cleveland, Detroit, Mackinac Island, and Duluth.

Proportionate Fares from Other Points

Detailed itineraries and full information of Ticket Agents, or Jas. P. Anderson, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

THE MAN UNDERNEATH.

To find a man beneath one's bed,
Most likely bent on crime,
Will freeze the marrow in one's bones
Worse than the Klondike clime.

In traveling many miles afar
I this experience had,
And wakened suddenly to hear
A man beneath my bed.

What could I do? I must defend
My life by action bold.
My every hair stood on its end,
My very blood ran cold.

Useless it seemed to rail and hoot
For all that I was worth,
And it were criminal to shoot—
He'd bought the lower berth.

—Los Altos Lookout.

PEDIGREED.

In a New Brunswick village a town character who preferred emphasis to the verities was a witness in a petty trial involving an auger. He positively identified it as the property of one of the parties to the suit.

"But," asked the attorney for the other side, "do you swear that you know this auger?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you known it?" he continued.

"I have known this auger," said the witness impressively, "ever since it was a gimlet."—Everybody's.

FLOSSY.—Do you like the Cubist ties the boys are wearing?

FLOTTY.—Sure. They harmonize so well.

FLOSSY.—Harmonize with what?

FLOTTY.—The blockheads that wear them.—Jack-o'-Lantern.

"Is he rich enough to keep an automobile and a yacht?"

"Yes, he is even richer than that. He keeps a lawyer."—Record-Herald.

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TOMMY'S INVITATION.

Little Willie wanted a birthday party, to which his mother consented, provided he invited his little friend Tommy. The boys had had trouble, but rather than not have the party Willie promised his mother to invite Tommy.

On the evening of the party, when all the small guests had arrived except Tommy, the mother became suspicious and sought her son.

"Willie," she said, "did you invite Tommy to your party to-night?"

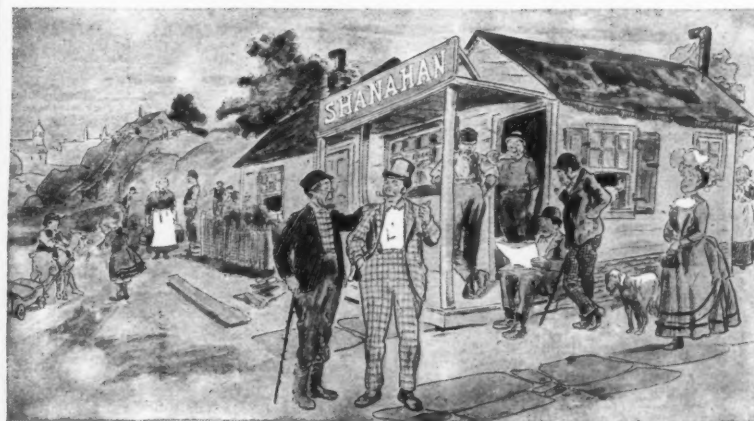
"Yes, mother."

"And did he say he would not come?"

"No," explained Willie. "I invited him all right, but I dared him to come."—Exchange.

"How often have you been arrested?" asked the judge.

"Oh, lots of times," remarked the petty offender. "You see, I used to be in better circumstances, and ran my own motor-car."—Washington Star.



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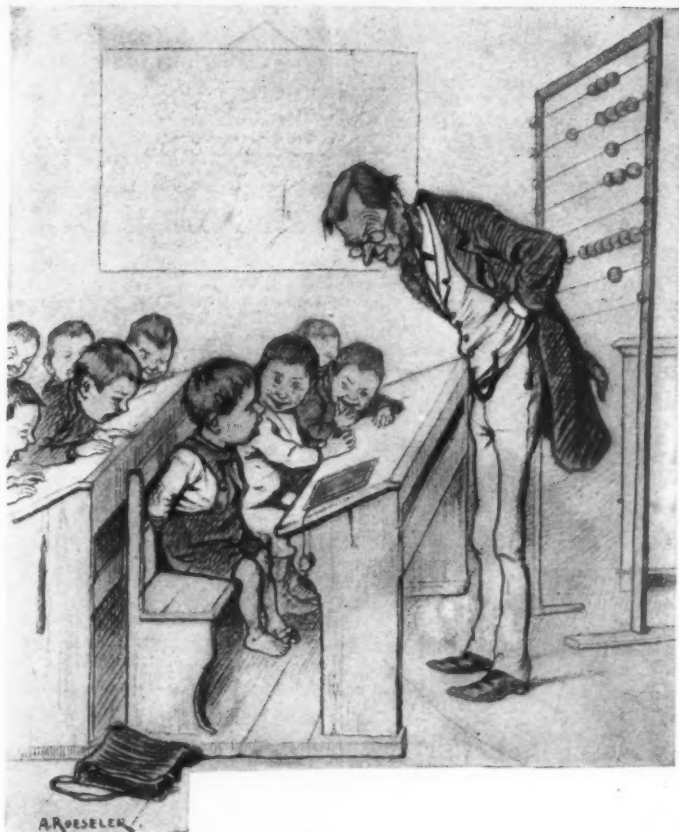
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TEACHER.—Now, children, try to figure just this once without counting on your fingers! How much is three and four?
 PEPEL (*looking under the bench after a long wait*).—Seven.
 TEACHER.—Right! Four and six?
 PEPEL (*again peeping under the bench*).—Ten.
 TEACHER.—Hold up there, you little rascal! I'll teach you to count on your fingers! (*Takes Peperl's hands and clasps them behind his back*).—Now, then, five and three?
 PEPEL (*after another long look under the bench*).—Eight.
 TEACHER.—Well, how did you manage to do that?
 PEPEL.—With my toes, teacher.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

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 "Because it's easier to work in a factory than 't is to learn in school."
 "You never understands what they tells you in school, and you can learn right off to do things in a factory."
 "They ain't always pickin' on you because you don't know things in a factory."
 "You can't never do t'ings right in school."
 "The boss he never hits yer, er slaps yer face, er pulls yer ears, er makes yer stay in at recess."
 "The children don't holler at ye and call ye a Christ-killer in a factory."
 "They don't call ye a Dago."
 "They're good to you at home when you earn money."
 "You can go to the nickel show."
 "Yer folks don't hit yer so much."
 "You can buy shoes for the baby."
 "Yer can give yer mother yer pay-envelope."
 "Our boss he never went to school."
 "School ain't no good. The Holy Father he can send ye to hell, and the boss he can take away yer job er raise yer pay. The teacher she can't do nothing."

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"These are a little heavy," said the shopper. "Haven't you any thinner hose than these?" The clerk pushed in another hairpin.

"Sorry, maddum," she said, languidly, "but that's the thinnest ho we have in the house."—*Evening Sun*.

"Does your husband often come to the church sociable?"

"My husband is n't sociable anywhere."—*Widow*.

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NEW SALESMAN.—I got two orders in one place.
B. M.—That's the stuff! What were they?
N. S.—One was to get out and the other was to stay out.—*Cornell Widow.*

GUEST.—Delightful party you are having to-night, old fellow.
HOST.—Yes. I am giving it to my wife, for the twelfth anniversary of her thirtieth birthday.—*London Opinion.*

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NO HEDGER.

"Say, boss, can I get off this afternoon about half-past two?"
"Whose funeral is to be this time, James?"
"Well, to be honest, boss, the way the morning papers have it doped out it looks like it's going to be the home team's again."—*St. Louis Republic.*

A FABULOUS AGE.

SPRATTS.—Miss Elder is much older than I thought.
HUNKER.—Impossible.
SPRATTS.—Well, I asked her if she had read Æsop's fables, and she said she read them when they first came out.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

APPLETON.—Your friend, Stagely, the actor, is making an ass of himself these days.

HOLDEN.—How so?

APPLETON.—He is playing *Nick Bottom* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."—*Lampoon.*

WHEN will the world learn that the bombarding of cities is merely a shell game?—*Progression.*



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"What is it?"

"Well, at least half the accidents are caused by trouble with the wheels."

"Well?"

"Count the spokes," said the man as he walked on, grumbling to himself about the stupidity of the human race. The usual number of spokes in an automobile wheel is thirteen.—*The Sun.*



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How soft and dainty is her mien, how rapt the look she wears!
And ah! what chants could poets sing to spread abroad her praise
If near they might be lingering when Phyllis sets the blaze!
But of her mad and merry moods the one that I love best
Comes when the sombre midnight broods above a world at rest,
Below the quiet city sleeps, above the stars are calm.
But oh! the heart within me leaps when Phyllis hurls the bomb!
—*Chicago American.*

'HALVING A WHOLE.

This is not a golf story. A colored bartender in a prominent *café*, says *The Argonaut*, was serving a customer. "I," said Mr. Craig, "need something to eliminate the robins from my eaves. Get me, Sam?"

Samuel said he got Mr. Craig. "Ah got just the finest drink what evah pass down a man's froat," said Samuel. "Ah done thought it up mahself. Mah boss nevah starts a day wivout he puts in a layer of 'em."

Mr. Craig ordered one of the new invention. He leaned listlessly upon the counter, in sheer ennui, watching Sam build the toddy. Sam flicked some of this cordial and some of that in the glass. Then he frapped it. It tasted to Mr. Craig's parched gullet as good as it looked. The recipient at once demanded the recipe.

"Well, sah," said Sam, "Ah take one-half Scotch whisky and one-half vermouth and one-half sherry—"

Mr. Craig interrupted. "That can't be right," said he. "There can't be more than two halves in anything."

"Boss," said the bartender, "the way Ah mix the drink there's four halves in it."

"Did the play have a happy ending?"

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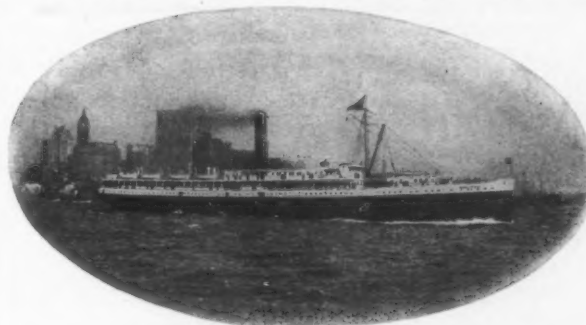
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